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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1776, and is now in its one hundred and forty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with the exception of a dozen copies, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news; well selected, miscellaneous and valuable features; and household columns. The paper is a valuable publication, and the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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COURT WAXTON, No. 6079, Foresters of America—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

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Local Matters.

A Last Word.

Before another issue of the MERCURY comes out the election will have been held and the question of rulers settled for another year. The people of Newport have important interests at stake in this election. Upon their action will depend, in a large measure, the choice of the next United States Senator. If this city is lukewarm in the matter, and should by any means allow the Democratic General Assembly ticket to be elected Senator, Wetmore's chances for re-election would be greatly lessened. For if Newport does not think enough of him to stand by him, it is hardly to be expected that the rest of the State will rally enthusiastically to his support. If, on the other hand, this city shows to the rest of the State their regard for the Senator by electing the Republican delegation there is no shadow of doubt about his success in January. It stands the people in hand, therefore, to come out and cast their ballots for Senator Wetmore by voting the Republican General Assembly ticket.

The election of Congressman in this district is of the utmost importance, as by that action the people of Rhode Island will show whether or not they are in sympathy with President Roosevelt, and desire to uphold his hands in the great work he is doing. By all means vote for Elshia Dyer.

Governor Utter and his associates have served the State faithfully and honestly. The administration has been clean in every respect, and the people of Rhode Island owe it to themselves as well as to the candidates to re-elect them. The issues this year are important. Come out and vote for the cause of good government and continued prosperity.

Hon. Amasa M. Eaton of the Metropolitan Park Commission will deliver a lecture in the Builders and Merchants' Hall on Monday evening, November 5th, at 7:30 o'clock. He will speak on the proposed Park System and the lecture will be illustrated with stereopticon views. The lecture is free to all.

A telephone pole on the northerly side of Touro street fell without warning Monday afternoon, crashing into Dr. W. A. Sherman's house and narrowly missing passersby. The telephone company was notified and a new pole was erected.

The work of laying the new gas main in Thames street has now progressed so far as Mary street and there is yet a considerable distance to go.

Final Rallies.

The Republicans and Democrats both held rallies in this city on Friday night. The Republicans held theirs in the Realty Hall on Washington square and the speakers were Congressman William S. Greene of Fall River, Hon. Guy A. Ham, Assistant United States District Attorney, of Boston, W. Tyler Page, of Maryland, Col. H. Anthony Dyer of Providence, and Representative Clark Burdick of this city. Hon. Robert S. Franklin presided.

The closing event of the campaign will be the third annual dinner by the Young Men's Republican Club on Monday evening next, the night before the election. This will take place at Realty Hall at 7:30 and will be served by J. T. Allen & Co. President Robert S. Burdick will preside and the after dinner speakers will include Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, United States Senator; Hon. Walter R. Shattuck, Senator from Warwick; Mr. Richard W. Jennings, executive secretary; and Mr. Edward S. Rawson, a prominent attorney of New York and Newport. It is expected that there will be over three hundred persons at the dinner. The Harry K. Howard orchestra will furnish music and the Euterpe Quartet will sing.

Whist and Dance.

The Misses Gertrude and Helen Sullivan, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Sullivan, entertained about 60 of their friends in Realty Hall Monday evening. The young ladies were assisted in receiving by their mother, Mrs. Sullivan. The early part of the evening was devoted to whist. The first prizes were won by Mr. John F. Sullivan and Miss May Austin, and Mr. Charles Schoeneman and Miss Elizabeth Vaughan captured the consolation. Other prizes were won by Messrs. Charles McNamee, John Walsh and John F. Sullivan. After the whist dancing followed, Miss Gertrude Sullivan and Mr. Thomas Freeman leading the grand march. Cunningham's orchestra furnished the music. At midnight a buffet supper was served, after which the merry party took their departure having spent a delightful evening, and were loud in their praise of the charming manner in which they had been entertained by the young hostesses.

The hall was handsomely decorated, red being the prevailing color.

Wednesday night was observed as Halloween and there were many private entertainments arranged for the occasion. The small boys were very busy upon the streets and this year their pranks went beyond the stage of the merely playful and verged strongly upon the criminal. Gates were unhung and carried away and in several instances were broken to pieces. On Bay View avenue a section of fence was torn down and thrown across the street where it imperilled the safety of any horse that might be driven through there in the dark. There were other serious offenses against property which call for serious correction of the offenders.

Mr. William G. Friend of this city was injured in the motorcycle races at Hillsboro, near Providence, last Sunday. He was thrown from his wheel in the fifth race and rendered unconscious. Outside of bruises and marks about the face, he escaped serious injury, which seemed almost a miracle at the rate of speed that the cycles were going. In the first race, two miles novice, Friend was second on a 2½ horse power Indian. He was third in the two mile special for Rhode Island riders, in which event C. F. Murphy of this city was fifth. Carl J. Swenson of this city acted as clerk of the course.

The final canvass of the voting lists has been held and there will be no more corrections before election day. Tuesday was the last day allowed personal property tax payers to get themselves clear on the books in order to vote, and consequently it was a busy day at the collector's office. Wednesday the board of aldermen held their final canvass and struck off the names of all those whose personal property taxes were unpaid.

The control of the Bristol & Warren Water Works Company has been secured by Col. Samuel P. Colt of Bristol after prolonged negotiations. This is an important purchase, as this plant furnished the water supply for several of the towns in Bristol County. The works were started by the late George H. Norman of this city and the controlling interest has been held by his heirs and their associates.

It is rumored that Fort Rodman at New Bedford may be closed for the present as the company of coast artillery on duty there has been ordered to Fort Adams. This will increase the enlisted strength at Newport very materially. The troops at Fort Adams have an enviable record for efficiency in all branches of their work.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. French E. Chadwick arrived home from Europe the past week and are at their cottage, "Twin Oaks," on Oakwood Terrace.

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A Sunday Fire.

The handsome cottage on Oakwood terrace and Red Cross avenue, the property of George Gordon King and occupied by Louis L. Lorillard, was quite badly damaged by fire last Sunday noon, and the firemen had a brisk fire before the flames were extinguished. The family were residing in the house and the servants were on hand to assist in rescuing property and fighting the fire. Mrs. Lorillard is just recovering from an attack of nervous prostration but she remained about the premises and assisted in directing the work of the servants before the arrival of the fire department.

When the fire was discovered word was telephoned to headquarters and a still alarm was sent in, but when the chemical engine and hose arrived it was found that the fire was more than they could handle, so an alarm was sounded from Box 27. The fire was found to be entirely in the attic and as the house was covered with a slate roof this served to keep the upper part of the house full of smoke, making hard work for the firemen. Ladder Company No. 2 was summoned to help in the fight, and holes were chopped in the roof and windows broken in to make smoke vents. Then the men were able to reach the fire and after a stubborn fight it was subdued but not until much damage had been done by fire and water. The department was careful to use no more water than was necessary, substituting chemical streams for those from the hydrants as soon as the fire was under control, but the flames had gathered so much headway before an adequate force was on the scene that the use of water was very necessary.

The cause of the fire has not been absolutely fixed but it is supposed to have started around the chimney. The servants' rooms were quite badly damaged and several of them lost a large part of their possessions. It is estimated that the loss will be in the neighborhood of \$2000.

Miss Florence Carley was tendered a pleasant surprise at the gymnasium room of the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday evening, being presented with a French travelling clock by the members of the senior class previous to her departure for Boston, where she has accepted a position as assistant to Miss Lucia Hale Barber in her studio of music and dramatic art. The clock is enclosed in a leather case, inscribed with Miss Carley's initials, "F. G. C." and the clock bears the inscription "From the Newport Y. M. C. A. Seniors to Miss Florence G. Carley, Oct. 21, 1906." Mr. T. Jefferson Biessell made the presentation speech and Miss Carley responded most feelingly. Miss Carley has been pianist at the gymnasium classes for some time and her departure is deeply regretted. Mrs. Sadie Gash Gardner has been selected in Miss Carley's place.

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A Jamestown Fire.

There was quite a fire in Jamestown Monday afternoon which was the cause of the ringing of the Newport fire alarm and a long run for the local department. The fire was in a stable on the estate of F. B. Rice of Boston, and the result was the destruction of the building. The fire broke out soon after five o'clock and was discovered by a neighbor, who rang in the Jamestown fire alarm. In the meantime soldiers from Fort Wetherill saw the fire and by breaking into the adjoining residence were able to ascend to the roof and keep the flames from attacking the house. When the fire department reached the scene there was a scarcity of water and nothing could be done to save the stable, but the efforts were directed to preventing the communication to the house. By keeping the roof wet the house was saved.

The cause of the fire was unknown. Workmen had been at work on the property during the day but they claim to be sure that there was no fire on the premises when they left.

During the progress of the fire there was considerable excitement in Newport. Residents of the Hildon Hill district saw the fire in the distance and to them it appeared that the Hoffman villa near Castle hill was in flames. A message was telephoned in and Box 514 was sounded. This made a long run for the apparatus all for nothing.

When the Jamestown fire was in progress it could be plainly seen from Newport it could be plainly seen from Newport and many persons went down the wharves to get a better view. It was thought to be a strange coincidence that there should be fires in Newport and Jamestown at the same time, until it was learned that the Newport alarm was sounded for the Jamestown one.

Recent Deaths.

The Holladay Case

A Mystery
Of Two
Continents
By
BURTON E.
STEVENSON
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CHAPTER XI.

TIRED nature asserted herself and took the full twelve hours, but I felt like another man when I left the house next morning, and I was eager to grapple anew with the mystery. I found two reports awaiting me at the office. Mr. Royce had passed a good night and was better; the clerks who had spent the afternoon before in visiting the stables had as yet discovered nothing, and were continuing their search.

I looked up a time card of the Long Island railroad and found that Miss Holladay's coachman could not reach the city until 9:30; so I put on my bat again, sought a secluded table at Wallack's, and over a cigar and stein of bock drew up a résumé of the case—to clear the atmosphere, as it were. It ran something like this:

March 13, Thursday.—Holladay found murdered; daughter drives to Washington square.

March 14, Friday.—Coroner's inquest; Miss Holladay released; mysterious note received.

March 15, Saturday.—Stanley—Holladay buried.

March 16, Tuesday.—Will opened and probed.

March 17, Wednesday.—Miss Holladay returns from drive, looking ill; Will laid with her and discharged old one.

March 18, Saturday.—Gives orders to open summer house.

April 1, Tuesday.—Asks for \$100,000.

April 2, Wednesday.—Gets it.

April 3, Thursday.—Leaves home, ostensibly for Béar, in company with new maid.

April 14, Monday.—Butler reports her disappearance; Royce taken ill; I begin my search.

There I stopped. The last entry brought me up to date. There was nothing more to add. But it seemed impossible that all the developments of this myst'ry could have taken only a month. For years, as it seemed to me, I had thought of nothing else.

I looked over the schedule again carefully. There was only one opening that I could see where it was possible to begin work with the hope of accomplishing anything. That was in the very first entry. Miss Holladay had driven to Washington square; she had, I felt certain, visited her sister; I must discover the lodging of this woman. Perhaps I should also discover Frances Holladay there. In any event, I should have a new point to work from.

The police had been over the ground, I knew. They had exhausted every resource in the effort to locate Mr. Holladay's mysterious visitor and had found not a trace of her. But that fact did not discourage me, for I hoped to start my search with information which the police had not possessed. Brooks, the coachman, should be able to tell me—

Recalled suddenly to remembrance of him, I looked at my watch and saw that it was past his hour. I was pleased to find him awaiting me when I opened the office door three minutes later. I had only a few questions to ask him.

"When your mistress left the carriage the day you drove her to Washington square did you notice which street she took after she left the square?"

"Yes, sir; she went on down West Broadway."

"On which side?"

"The left hand side, sir; th' east side."

"She must have crossed the street to get to that side."

"Yes, sir; she did. I noticed particular, for I thought it funny she shouldn't let me drive her on down th' street to wherever she was goin'. It's a dirty place along there, sir."

"Yes, I know. When you drove her out on the 28th—the day she brought back the maid—where did she go?"

"To Washington square again, sir."

"And left you waiting for her?"

"Yes, sir; just th' same."

"And went down the same street?"

"Yes, sir; crossed to th' east side just th' same as th' time before."

"How long was she gone?"

"Over an hour, sir; an hour an' a half, I should say."

"Did you notice anything unusual in her appearance when she came back?"

"No, sir; she was wearin' a heavy veil. She had th' other woman with her, an' she just said 'Home!' in a kind of hoarse voice as I helped them into th' carriage."

That was all that he could tell me, and yet I felt that it would help me greatly. In the first place, it narrowed my investigations to the district lying to the east of West Broadway, and I knew that the French quarter extended only a block or two in that direction. And, again, it gave me a point to insist on in my inquiries—I knew the date upon which the mysterious woman had left her lodging, or, at least, I knew that it must be one of two dates. The lodging had been vacated, then, either on the 28th of March or the 3d of April. As a last resource I had the photograph. I was ready to begin my search and dismissed Brooks, warning him to say nothing to any one about the mystery.

As I passed out the door to the pavement I happened to glance across the way, and there, in the crowd of brokers who always line the street, I perceived Martigny. He was listening intently to one of the brokers, who was talking earnestly in his ear—telling him how to make his fortune, I suppose—and did not see me. For an instant I was tempted to cross to him and get him out of danger. Then I smiled at the absurdity of the thought. It would take a clever man to fleece Martigny, and I recalled his strong face, his masterful air. He was no fool, no lamb ready for the shears. He was perfectly able to look out for himself—if need be.

I turned west toward Broadway, still, I suppose, thinking of him suddenly, for a few moments later

rear of the train held the gate open for me an instant and then clanged it shut. We were off with a jerk. As I looked back I saw Martigny rush out upon the platform. He stood staring after me for an instant; then, with a sudden grasping at his breast, staggered and seemed to fall. A crowd closed about him, the train whisked around a corner, and I could see no more.

But at any rate I was well free of him, and I got off at Bleeker street, walked on to the square and began my search. My plan was very simple. Beginning on the east side of West Broadway, it was my intention to stop at every house and inquire whether lodgers were kept. My experience at the first place was a pretty fair sample of all the rest.

A frowzy headed woman answered my knock.

"You have rooms to let?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, monsieur," she answered, with an expansive grin. "Step this way."

We mounted a dirty stair, and she threw open a door with a flourish meant to be impressive.

"These are ze rooms, monsieur; zey are ver' fine."

I looked around them with stimulated interest, smothering my disgust as well as I could.

"How long have they been vacant?" I asked.

"Since only two days, monsieur. As you see, zey are ver' fine rooms."

That settled it. If they had been vacant only two days, I had no further interest in them, and with some excuse I made my way out, glad to escape from that fetid atmosphere of garlic and onions. So I went from house to house, stumbling over dirty children, climbing grimy stairs, catching glimpses of crowded sweatshops, peering into all sorts of holes called rooms by courtesy, inhaling a hundred stenches in as many minutes, gaining an insight that sickened me into the squalid life of the quarter. Sometimes I began to hope that at last I was on the right track, but further inquiry would prove my mistake. So the morning passed, and the afternoon. I had covered two blocks to no purpose, and I turned eastward to Broadway and took a car downtown to the office. My assistants had reported again—they had met with no better success than I. Mr. Graham noticed my dejected appearance and spoke a word of comfort.

"I think you're on the right track, Lester," he said. "But you can't hope to do much by yourself—it's too big a job. Wouldn't it be better to employ half a dozen private detectives and put them under your supervision? You could save yourself this nerve trying work and at the same time get over the ground much more rapidly. Besides, experienced men may be able to suggest something that you've overlooked."

I had reached Broadway, and at the corner I paused to look at a display of men's furnishings in a window. Far down the street on the other side, almost lost in the hurrying crowd, Martigny was buying a paper of a newsboy. He shook it out and looked quickly up and down its columns, like a man who is searching for some special item of news. Perhaps he was a speculator; perhaps, after all, I was deceiving myself in imagining that he was following me. I had no proof of it; it was the most natural thing in the world that he should be in this part of the town. I must test the theory before accepting it. It was time I grew weary of theories.

I entered the store and spent ten minutes looking at some neckties. When I came out again Martigny was just getting down from a bootblack's chair across the street. His back was toward me, and I watched him get out his little purse and drop a dime into the bootblack's hand. I went on up Broadway, loitering sometimes, sometimes walking straight ahead; always, away behind me, lost in the crowd, was my purser. It could no longer be doubted. He was really following me, though he did it so adroitly, with such consummate cunning, that I should never have seen him, never have suspected him, but for that fortunate initiation at the start.

I had thoughts of that—I had wondered if I were making the best possible use of my opportunities—and the suggestion tempted me. But something rose within me—pride, ambition, stubbornness, what you will—and I shook my head, determined to hang on. Besides, I had still before me that battle of wits with Martigny, and I was resolved to make the most of it.

"Let me keep on by myself a day or two longer, sir," I said. "I believe I'll succeed yet. If I don't there will still be time to call in outside help. I fancy I've made a beginning, and I want to see what comes of it."

He shook me kindly by the hand.

"Like your grit," he said approvingly, "and I've every confidence in you. It wasn't lack of confidence that prompted the suggestion. Only don't overdo the thing and break down as Royce has. He's better, by the way, but the doctor says that he must take a long vacation—a thorough rest."

"I'm glad he's better. I'll care for him," I assented, and left the office.

While I waited for a car I bought a copy of the last edition of my paper, from force of habit more than anything else, settling myself in a seat still from force of habit—I turned to the financial column and looked it over. There was nothing of special interest there and I turned back to the general news, glancing carelessly from item to item. Suddenly one caught my eye which brought me up with a shock. The item read:

"Shortly after 10 o'clock this morning a man ran up the steps of the Cortlandt street station of the Sixth avenue elevated in the effort to catch an uptown train just pulling out and dropped over on the platform with heart disease. An ambulance was called from the Hudson Street hospital and the man taken there. At noon it was said he would recover. He was still too weak to talk, but among other things a card of the Café Jourdain, 64 West Houston street, was found in his pocketbook. An inquiry there developed the fact that his name is Pierre Bethune, that he is recently from France and has no relatives in this country."

In a moment I was out of the car and running westward to the elevated. I felt that I held in my hand the address I needed.

CHAPTER XII.

FIFTY-FOUR West Houston street, just three blocks south of Washington square, was a narrow four story and basement building of gray brick with battered brown stone trimmings, at one time perhaps a fashionable residence, but with its last vestige of glory long since departed. In the basement was a squall cobbler's shop, and the restaurant occupied the first floor. Dirty lace curtains hung at the windows, screening the interior from the street, but when I mounted the step to the door and entered I found the place typical of its class. I sat down at one of the little square tables and ordered a bottle of wine. It was M. Jourdain himself who brought it—a little fat man, with trousers very tight and a waistcoat very dazzling. The night had not yet begun in earnest, so he was for the moment at leisure, and he consented to drink a glass of wine with me. I had ordered the "superior."

"Do you always keep them barred?"

himself had the locks put on, for he feared that his poor sister would throw herself down into the courtyard, which is paved with stone and where she would certainly have been killed. She was very bad some days, poor dear. I was most glad when they took her away, for the thought of her made me nervous. I will in the morning open the windows and air the room well for you."

"That will do nicely," I assented as carelessly as I could. I knew that I had chapred upon a new development, though I could not in the least guess its bearing. "What do you ask for the apartment?"

"Ten dollars the week, monsieur," she answered, eying me narrowly.

I knew it was not worth so much and, remembering my character, repressed my first inclination to close the bargain.

"That is a good deal," I said hesitatingly. "Haven't you a cheaper room, Mme. Jourdain?"

"This is the only one we have now vacant, monsieur," she assured me.

I turned back toward the door with a little sigh.

"You have lodgings to let, I suppose, on the floors above?" I questioned.

He squinted at me through his glass, trying with French shrewdness to read me out.

"Why, yes, we have lodgings. Still, a man of monsieur's build would scarcely wish!"

"The habit does not always gauge the nose," I replied coolly.

"That is true," he sniffl'd, wiping his nose. "Monsieur then wishes a lodg-ing?"

"I should like to look at yours."

"You understand, monsieur," he explained, "that this is a good quarter, and our rooms are not at all the ordinary rooms. Oh, no; they are quite su-perior to that. They are in great de-mand. We have only one vacant at this moment. In fact, I am not certain that it is yet at liberty. I will call my wife."

She was summoned from behind the counter, where she presided at the money drawer, and presented to me as Mme. Jourdain. I filled a glass for her.

"Monsieur here, is seeking a lodg-ing," he began. "Is the one on the second floor back at our disposal yet, Celle?"

His wife pondered the question a moment, looking at me with sharp little eyes.

"I do not know," she said at last. "We shall have to ask M. Bethune. He said he might again have need of it. He has paid for it until the 15th."

"My heart leaped at the name. I saw that I must take the bull by the horns—assume a bold front—for if they waited to consult my purser I should never gain the information I was seeking.

"It was through M. Bethune that I secured your address," I said boldly. "He was taken ill this morning. His heart, you know," and I tapped my chest.

"They nodded, looking at me, nevertheless, with eyes narrow with suspicion.

"Yes, monsieur, we know," said Jourdain. "The authorities at the hospital at once notified us."

"It is not the first attack," I asserted, with a temerity born of necessity. "He has had others, but none so serious as this."

They nodded sympathetically. Plainly they had been considerably impressed by their lodger.

"So," I continued bravely, "he knows at last that his condition is very bad, and he wishes to remain at the hospital for some days until he has completely recovered. In the meantime I am to have the second floor back, which was occupied by the ladies."

I spoke the last word with seeming nonchalance, without the quiver of a lash, though I was inwardly a-quake, for I was risking everything upon it.

Then in an instant I breathed more freely. I saw that I had hit the mark and that their suspicions were gradually growing less.

"They, of course, are not coming back," I added, "at least not for a long time. So he has no further use for the room. This is the fourteenth. I can take possession tomorrow."

They exchanged a glance, and Mme. Jourdain arose.

"Very well, monsieur," she said. "Will you have the kindness to come and look at the room?"

I followed her up the stair, giddy at my good fortune. She opened a door and lighted a gas jet against the wall.

"I am sure you will like the apartment, monsieur," she said. "You see, it is a very large one and most comfortable."

It was indeed of good size and well furnished. The bed was in a kind of alcove, and beyond it was a bath—unlocked for luxury! One thing, however, struck me as peculiar. The windows were closed by heavy shutters, which were barred upon the inside, and the bars were secured in place by padlocks.

"I shall want to open the windows," I remarked. "Do you always keep them barred?"

She hesitated a moment, looking a little embarrassed.

"You see, monsieur, it is this way," she explained at last. "M. Bethune

had thought of that night, for a glance at my watch showed me the lateness of the hour. As I emerged from the pier I suddenly found myself very weary and very hungry, so I called a cab and was driven direct to my rooms. A bath and dinner set me up again, and finally I settled down with my pipe to arrange the events of the day.

Certainly I had progressed. I had undoubtedly got on the track of the fugitives; I had found out all that I could reasonably hope to find out. And yet my exultation was short lived. Admitted that I was on their track, how much nearer success had I got? I knew that they had sailed for France, but for what part of France? They would disembark at Havre. How was I, reaching Havre two weeks later, to discover which direction they had taken? Suppose they had gone to Paris, as seemed most probable, how could I ever hope to find them there? Even if I did find them, would I be in time to checkmate Martigny?

For a time I paused, appalled at the magnitude of the task that lay before me—in all France to find three people! But, after all, it might not be so great.

Most probably these women were from one of the towns Holladay and his wife had visited during their stay in France. Which towns they were I, of course, had no means of knowing, yet I felt certain that some means of discovering them would present itself. That must be my work for the morrow.

A half hour passed, and I sat lost in speculation, watching the blue smoke curling upward, stirring vainly to penetrate the mystery. For I was

INVENTION RECOMMENDED

But a Soother, Soother Method Found.
For twenty years I was an awful sufferer from Varicose veins and ulcers on my leg. For twelve winters I sat in a chair, my leg pained me so I could not He down.

The doctors began to say I would never use it again.

Others advised amputating my leg to prevent gangrene from setting in.

One day I tried Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I bought a bottle and commenced taking it.

And I surely believe if I had not taken Favorite Remedy I would not be alive today. My leg healed up entirely and I am now well and strong.

JOSEPH H. MULOCK,

577 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A prominent physician of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in explaining the demand for this King of kidney, liver, bladder and blood medicines, said: "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts as a nerve and blood food. It has made many permanent cures of nervous debility, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and of the sicknesses peculiar to women, where other treatments have failed. For headaches, constipation and that run down condition, there is nothing else so good as this great kidney and liver medicine."

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Ronkonkoma, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Jelly radical cure Cough, Hay Fever and Cold in Head, sore.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

NEWPORT**Transfer Express Co****TRUCKERS**

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Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.

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PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Avenue

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New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 71-2.

The First Teacups.

Even after tea was introduced into Europe and had come into general use teacups were scarce. At the same time coffee was introduced, but apart from Constantinople the first coffee cups in Europe date back only as far as 1645 in Venice, 1650 in Paris, 1652 in London and 1654 in Leipzig. From the first, however, the conventional oriental coffee cup, without stem or handle, was little used, and in Germany not at all. The Chinese teacup was used for tea, coffee and chocolate as well.

Specimens of porcelain were undoubtedly introduced into Europe in the middle ages, yet not till the sixteenth century were cups imported from China in any great quantities, and even then it was an article of virtue. Most of these found their way back to China again, as collecting porcelain is a lasting fad there, and high prices are paid for good specimens.

The collection of Chinese porcelain, if only the genuine specimens are desired, requires immense study and knowledge, as the Chinese are skillful imitators and put numerous falsifications on the market.

Eating Fat.

Darwin relates that the Gauchos of the American pampas live for months on the fat meat of the oxen they watch over. The Eskimos can get along very well by eating from five pounds to six pounds a day of reindeer or seal's flesh so long as it is not too lean, but contains a due proportion of fat. Says the author of "Diet and Dietetics": "Some men obliged to live a very fatiguing life, the trappers and hunters of the Pampas of America and Siberian steppes, the inhabitants of very cold climates, the fisherman living on the banks of the frozen sea, can eat almost exclusively without suffering from its enormous quantities of meat or fat, but on two conditions—that the meat be accompanied by its fat and that the individual subjected to this diet lead a very active life in the open air."

No Birch Rods Now.

"The road to knowledge nowadays," said the old schoolmaster, "is to swift and too easy. It's a regular abroad."

"Yes," agreed the other old pedagogue, "and it's a railroad with fewer switches than are necessary."—Philippine Ledger.

Will Be Made If

A bull has forty rods to travel to each a tramp, and the tramp has thirty-two rods to travel to reach the line. If the bull travels one-fourth faster than the tramp, how close will the latter come to getting the grand total?—Ottawa Free Press.

The man who is never quite sure, thinks perhaps, "imagines," "guesses," or "presumes," is no man to trust. His foundations are built on sand—indeed.

Under, that worst of poisons, ever an easy entrance to ignoble—Juvenal.

THE HOLLADAY CASE.
CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

he said warmly. "You've done splendid work."

I pointed out to him that, after all, my success was purely the result of accident. Had I been really clever I should have instantly suspected what that sudden seizure on the station platform meant. I should have hurried back to the scene and followed Martigny—as I still called him in my thoughts—to the hospital on the chance of securing his first address. Instead of which, if chance had not befriended me, I should have been as far as ever from a solution of the mystery. I trembled to think upon what a slender thread my victory had hung.

But my chief would not listen. He declared that a man must be judged by his achievements and that he judged me by mine.

"Let us find out how our friend is," I said at last, so the hospital was called up. We were informed that the patient was stronger, but would not be able to leave his bed for two or three days.

"The Jourdains may tell him of my call," I said. "They'll suspect something when I don't return today, yet they may wait for me a day or two longer—they have my money—and one day is all I want. It's just possible that they may keep silent altogether. They have nothing to gain by speaking—it's plain that they're not in the conspiracy. Anyway, tomorrow I'll be out of reach."

Mr. Graham nodded.

"Yes—that's plainly the next step. You must follow them to France—but where in France will you look for them? I didn't think of that before. Why, the search is just beginning! I thought it impossible to accomplish what you have accomplished, but that seems easy now beside this new problem."

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Mr. Graham nodded.

You may need—don't spare it. When you need more don't hesitate to draw on us."

I thanked him and was about to take my leave, for I had some packing to do and some private business to arrange, when a message came from Dr. Jenkinson. Mr. Graham smiled as he read it.

"Royce is better," he said; "much better. He's asking for you, and Jenkinson seems to think you'd better go to him, especially if you can bring good news."

"Just the thing!" I cried. "I must go to bid him goodby, in any event." And half an hour later I was admitted to our junior's room. He was lying back in a big chair and seemed pale and weak, but he flushed up when he saw me and held out his hand eagerly.

"I couldn't wait any longer, Lester," he began. "It seems an age since I've seen you. I'd have sent for you before this, but I knew that you were working."

"Yes," I smiled; "I was working."

"Sit down and tell me about it," he commanded. "All about it—every detail."

The door opened as he spoke, and Dr. Jenkinson came in.

"Doctor," I queried, "how far is it safe to indulge this sick man? He wants me to tell him a story."

"Is it a good story?" asked the doctor.

"Why, yes; fairly good."

"Then tell it. May I stay?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Royce and I together, and the doctor drew up a chair.

So I recounted, as briefly as I could, the events of the past two days and the happy accident which had given me the address I sought. Mr. Royce's face was beaming when I ended.

"And you start for France tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow morning. The boat sails at 10 o'clock."

"Well, I'm going with you!" he cried.

"Why," I stammered, startled by his vehemence, "are you strong enough? I'd be mighty glad to have you, but do you think you ought? How about it, doctor?"

Jenkinson was smiling with half shut eyes.

"It's not a bad idea," he said. "He needs rest and quiet more than anything else, and he's bound to get a week of that on the water, which is more than he'll do here. I can't keep that brain of his still, wherever he is. He'd worry here, and with you he'll be contented. Besides," he added, "he ought to be along, for I believe the expedition is going to be successful."

I believed so, too, but I recognized in Jenkinson's words that fine optimism which had done so much to make him the great doctor he was. I shook our junior's hand again in the joy of having him with me. As for him, he seemed quite transformed, and Jenkinson gazed at him with a look of quiet pleasure.

"You'll have to pack," I said. "Will you need my help?"

"No; nurse can do it, with the doctor here to help us," he laughed. "You have your own packing to do and odds and ends to look after. Besides, neither of us will need much luggage. Don't forget to reserve the other berth in that stateroom for me."

"No," I said and rose. "I'll come for you in the morning."

"All right; I'll be ready."

The doctor followed me out to give me a word of caution. Mr. Royce was still far from well; he must not over-exert himself; he must be kept cheerful and hopeful, if possible; above all, he was not to worry; quiet and sea air would do the rest.

I hurried back to the office to make my final report to Mr. Graham and to get the abstract which Rogers had promised to have ready and which was awaiting me on my desk. Our worthy senior was genuinely pleased when he learned that his junior was going with me, though our absence would mean a vast deal of extra work for himself. The canvass of the city stables had been completed without result, but I suspected now that Martigny himself had hired the carriage and had perhaps even acted as driver. Such an easy and obvious way to baffle our pursuit would hardly have escaped him.

"Because I think I've found the place, sir," I answered. "Did you notice—the time they stayed at Etretat covers the period of Miss Holliday's birth, with which, I'm convinced, these people were in some way concerned. We must look up Etretat."

A map at the office showed us that it was a little fishing hamlet and sea resort on the shore of the English channel not far north of Havre.

"My theory is," I said, "that when the time of her confinement approached Mr. Holliday brought his wife to Paris to secure the services of an experienced physician perhaps, or

SCATHING WORDS

Hearst **Ethical**, **Denounced** by
Secretary of State Root

OPINIONS OF ROOSEVELT

Hearst **In-Mind** When He
Spoke of **Assassin** of McKinley
In His Message—"A Violent
and Unworthy Demagogue"

BALTIMORE, Nov. 2.—A bitter denunciation of William R. Hearst, which, the speaker said, had the full and complete endorsement of President Roosevelt, was delivered in a public address here last night by Secretary of State Root. At the same time, Root paid an eloquent tribute to Charles E. Hughes and announced that he was authorized to say that the president greatly desires the election of Hughes as governor of New York.

"I say to you with President Roosevelt's authority," said Root, "that he regards Hearst as wholly unfit to be governor, as an insincere, self-seeking demagogue, who is trying to deceive the workingmen of New York by false statements and false promises, and I say to you, with his authority, that he considers that Hearst's election would be an injury and a discredit alike to honest labor and to honest capital, and a serious injury to the work in which he is engaged of enforcing just and equal laws against corporate wrong doing."

"President Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst stand as far as the poles asunder. Listen to what President Roosevelt himself has said of Hearst and his kind. In President Roosevelt's first message to Congress, in speaking of the assassin of McKinley, he spoke of him as inflamed by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sown by the men who preach such doctrines and they cannot escape the responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped. This applies alike to the deliberate demagogue, to the exploiter of sensationalism, and to the crude and foolish visionary who, for whatever reason apologizes for crime or excites aimlessly discontent."

"I say, by the president's authority, that in penning these words, with the horror of President McKinley's murder fresh before him, he bid Mr. Hearst specifically in his mind, and I say, by his authority, that what he thought of Mr. Hearst then he thinks of Mr. Hearst now."

Characterizing Hearst as a violent and unworthy demagogue and a persistent office-seeker, Root declared that as a congressman, he had proved a worthless public servant; that while professing to favor an independent judiciary, he had made a deal with Tammany Leader Murphy for the nomination of a judiciary ticket in New York; that while inveigling against corporations, his own corporate management shows the insincerity of his profession; that it is not calm and lawful redress of wrongs which he seeks, but the tumult of inflamed passions and the terrorism of revengeful force; that he is guided by selfish motives, and that he is "not guiltless of McKinley's death."

Mr. Root declared that Hearst was indeed an especially dangerous specimen of skilful demagogue because he is enormously rich by inheritance and owns a number of sensational yellow journals of large circulation, and he can hire many able and active men to speak well of him and praise him in speech and in print and in private conversation. From no community in this state, said Root, does there come concerning Hearst that testimony of life-long neighbors and acquaintances to his private virtues, the excellence of his morals, and the correctness of his conduct.

Wreckers Misplaced Switch

Brunswick, Me., Oct. 30.—An extra freight train of eight cars from Bangor was wrecked inside the Brunswick yard limits. No one was injured, but the engine and seven of the cars were demolished and a part of a consignment of four carloads of potatoes was lost. Railroad officials say that the accident was the work of train wreckers who deliberately misplaced a switch. An express was the train which the wreckers sought to derail.

Apple Crop of 1905

BOSTON, Oct. 31.—According to the New England Homestead's final report of the apple crop of the United States, the total is 36,120,000 barrels against 24,000,000 barrels in 1905, and rather more than 40,000,000 barrels in each of the three preceding years. The figures arrived at are the crystallization of returns from correspondents in every apple producing section east of the Rocky mountains.

Arraigned as Woman Slayer

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 30.—William H. Priest, the Boston man who was captured at his father's home and brought here to face a charge of manslaughter in connection with the shooting of Mrs. Annie Stewart, was arraigned in the sixth district court and on his plea of not guilty was held in \$2000 bail for trial Nov. 9.

Furious Suicid Threat

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—John Bergen, a 48-year-old, who was under jail sentence for disturbing the peace of his family, committed suicide last night by hanging himself in his cell. Kaye leaves a wife and 10 children. He had declared he would end his life.

Schooner and Crew Lost

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—Customs officials in this city have been notified by the owners of the schooner Asa T. Stow that all hopes of the vessel's safety have been given up. She sailed from Pensacola, Fla., with a cargo of lumber Sept. 22, and her destination was Havana. Since then nothing has been heard from the craft.

Bankrupt Conceded Assets

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—A verdict of guilty, returned by a jury on an indictment charging Max Matthews of the Standard Overall Manufacturing company with concealing assets from his trustee in bankruptcy, gave the government a victory in the first criminal prosecution for violations of the bankruptcy law. The case occupied two weeks in trial.

DISEASED CATTLE

Condemned in Vermont and Then Shipped Away For Food

TEN JURY INDICTMENTS

Two Former Members of State Cattle Commission, as Well as Rendering Companies, Furnish Bonds For Appearance In Court

BURLINGTON, Vt., Nov. 1.—Sensational charges were made in 10 indictments which were returned by the Chittenden county grand jury in connection with the sale of diseased cattle in the state and in the sale of which, according to the indictments, two former members of the state cattle commission participated with a full knowledge that such cattle would be used for food purposes.

Four of the indictments were against the Consolidated Rendering company, and they contained 400 counts. Four were against L. E. Brigham, manager of the Burlington Rendering company. This company is controlled by the Consolidated company and the indictment against its manager, which also contains 400 counts, is identical with that returned against the Consolidated company.

The most sensational disclosures, however, were made in the indictments which were returned against Dr. F. A. Rich, a veterinarian of this city, and Victor L. Spear of Randolph, both of whom were members of the state cattle commission. Spear's term expired about one year ago and he was not re-appointed. Rich was removed from the commission by Governor Bell just before the latter retired from office.

The indictments against the Consolidated company and Brigham charge the sale of diseased meat in the state and also the shipment of such diseased meat out of the state for the purpose of putting it on sale. Rich and Spear are charged with selling to the rendering companies diseased beef which they had previously condemned.

According to the state law, Rich and Spear were empowered to travel throughout the state and inspect the stock of farmers. When diseased cattle were found they were condemned, the owner being paid a sum for the loss of his stock. The indictments returned yesterday charge that the two commissioners, instead of destroying cattle affected with tuberculosis, sold them to the rendering companies, knowing at the time of the sale that such cattle would be sold as food. All of the defendants furnished bonds for their appearance at the March term of the Chittenden county court.

Before the grand jury reported Judge Rowell imposed a fine of \$3000 on the Consolidated Rendering company for its failure to produce before the grand jury certain papers and memoranda which had been demanded. The defendant, in contesting the charge of contempt of court proceedings, maintained that the papers had been destroyed prior to the investigation. Judge Rowell overruled the motion to dismiss the case and he imposed the fine.

In explanation of his failure to make the fine the maximum allowable under the statutes, the judge stated that in fixing the penalty he had in mind the fact that there are further means of punishing the company. It was learned later that the Vermont law provides that a company found guilty of the charges which are pending against the Consolidated company may be permanently prohibited from doing business in the state.

Advocates of Dangerous Doctrine

BOSTON, Nov. 1.—Without the slightest reluctance, two witnesses for the defense in the trial of an Italian accused of a murderous assault on two of his countrymen admitted that they were anarchists and that all loyal members of their order had an utter disregard for the laws of God and man, and that they believed violence was the wisest and best policy.

Another Try For the Cup

BOSTON, Oct. 31.—Sir Thomas Lipton arrived here last night for a three days' visit, during which he will be the guest of the city and of the local yachtsmen. In speaking of a possible challenge for the America's cup, Lipton said that he had decided to send another challenge, but could not say whether it would be next year or in 1908.

Chicago Telephone War Begun

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The Independent telephone interests have leased the telephone franchise of the Illinois Tunnel company, thereby securing an entrance into Chicago. This marks the beginning of the telephone warfare between the Chicago Telephone company and the new independent company which has been threatened so long.

Mistook Man For Wild Animal

MONTPELIER, Vt., Oct. 29.—Harrison Corless, 17 years old, who has admitted that he shot Henry Tracy in North Fayston, mistaking him for a wild animal, has not yet been arraigned in court, and no action will be taken by the authorities probably until the grand jury meets. Corless is still in jail in this city.

Furious Suicid Threat

CALIF., Nov. 1.—Andrew Kaye, 48 years old, who was under jail sentence for disturbing the peace of his family, committed suicide last night by hanging himself in his cell. Kaye leaves a wife and 10 children. He had declared he would end his life.

Schooner and Crew Lost

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Nov. 2.—Henry G. Bailey, a farmhand, charged with causing the death of George H. Goodale on July 6 last, was last night found guilty of murder in the first degree. As soon as the jury's verdict was announced the prisoner's counsel made a motion for the postponement of sentence. The court granted a stay until Monday morning.

VOTE FOR**ELISHA DYER**

—FOR—

Congress**To the People of Rhode Island!**

The undersigned, a Committee to aid the Republican State Central Committee in securing the election of Hon. Elisha Dyer to Congress from the First District of Rhode Island, hereby urge their fellow citizens to assist in this movement and to use all honorable and legitimate means to bring about the election of Gen. Dyer to Congress from this District.

A Vote for the Republican nominee for Congress is a vote endorsing President Roosevelt and a recognition of the efficient faithful public services of Gen. Dyer for more than twenty-five years.

WILLIAM AMES,
R. J. GAMMELL,
CHARLES D. KIMBALL,
CAESAR MISCH,
ARTHUR L. KELLEY,
GEORGE H. HOLMES,
STEPHEN TOURTELLOT,
GEORGE A. JEPHSON,

SAMUEL A. PEARCE,
F. B. HAZARD,
MELVILLE BULL,
J. U. STARKWEATHER,
SAMUEL L. PECK,
H. H. SHEPARD,
WILLIAM H. HUNTER,
JOHN H. WETHERELL.

TUMOR ON THE BRAIN**Ends Life of Congressman Hoar, Son of Late Senator**

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 2.—Congressman Rockwood Hoar, son of the late Senator George F. Hoar, died last night at his home here after an illness of about five weeks. He was taken ill on Sept. 20 and since that time he has been confined to his bed. At the time of his renunciation his written letter of acceptance was presented to the district convention.

The illness of Hoar was diagnosed by physicians as neuralgia of the head and was not thought at first to be of a serious nature. Later, however, the symptoms became alarming, the patient growing steadily weaker, and five days ago an operation was performed as a last resort. In spite of this operation, the patient continued to fail and during the last few days his condition had been regarded as practically hopeless. A tumor on the brain was the cause of death.

Congressman Hoar's nomination for congress followed very closely the death of his father in 1904. He had been previously district attorney in Worcester county and had held various offices of political preferment. He was born in Worcester in 1855. His wife and two daughters survive him.

Victim of Terrible Disease

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—Dr. Wright, bacteriologist at the Massachusetts general hospital, has decided that Thomas W. Beals has leprosy. An expert examination showed that he has the bacilli of the dreaded disease in his person. The Boston board of health transferred Beals to the charge of the state, and he was taken to Penikese Island. Beals lived with his wife at Hyde Park. A few days ago he was removed to the Massachusetts general hospital, suffering from what was believed to be at the time a minor non-contagious disease.

Three-Cent Fare Established

CLEVELAND, Nov. 2.—The 3-cent streetcar fare in this city became a reality yesterday, when the first cars were run on the lines of the Municipal Traction company and which now has 13½ miles of its road in operation. The 3-cent fare applies only to this line.

Big Strike of Welsh Miners

CARDIFF, Nov. 1.—A strike as a protest against the employment of non-union miners began today at 12 coal pits in the Rhondda valley and at Pontypridd. Ten thousand men are affected.

WORST ECZEMA DOCTORS EVER SAW

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged and Scalp Looked Dreadful—Suffered Untold Misery for Three Years—Better in Two Months

MARVELOUS CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. I used many kinds of patent medicines before trying the Cuticura Remedies,—all to no avail."

"A friend teased me to try Cuticura. At last I consented, when my boy was three years and four months old, having had eczema all that time, and suffering untold misery. I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies; the Cuticura Soap helped as well as the Ointment. He was better in two months; in six months he was well; but I gave him the Cuticura Resolvent one year,—using twelve bottles, I think,—and always used the Cuticura Soap for bathing, and do now a good deal. He was four years old before he was well, and his skin became perfectly fair when cured. I give you permission to publish this letter for I am always glad to do good when I can. I think I have told you all there is necessary to tell." Mrs. R. L. Riley, Piermont, N. H.

Complete External and Internal Remedy for every form of Cutaneous Skin Disease, from Infancy to Age.

It is made of the finest materials, and is superior to all other remedies, and costs less than half as much.

For Skin Diseases, Cutaneous Complaints, &c.



A sound nubbin is preferable to the big soft ear which spoils in the crib.

You might just as well let the hired man use the buggy as to leave it out in the rain and sun exposed to all kinds of weather.

People will generally sympathize with and many of them justify the Ohio woman who sought divorce from her husband on the ground that he insisted on having nothing for breakfast but predigested breakfast foods.

A nearby city reports a number of chicks as hatching from an egg case placed on the platform of a cold storage plant. The eggs producing these chicks must have had a good two weeks' start before the local grocer got hold of them.

Inasmuch as 95 per cent of all house flies are sold to breed in horse manure, we would seem to be doomed to suffer from this pest as long as we raise horses or at least until we adopt systematic methods of killing the larvae before they have a chance to hatch out.

A little forethought exercised just now in the matter of starting the flowering bulbs will insure a most delightful whiff of fragrance and floral beauty in the cold months of winter when otherwise we would have but the memory and anticipation of summer flowers to cheer the dark days.

It would seem to be a bad bargain when order in the house is maintained at a sacrifice of actual comfort and good feeling among the different members of the family. Order in itself amounts to nothing. It is only justifiable when it confers benefit on those who are affected amounting to more than the cost of maintaining it.

Barring a burn out or protracted sickness, there would seem to be no good reason why any family that has had access to a piece of ground the present season should not have in store enough canned fruit and garden vegetables to supply the table through the winter. While downright shiftlessness is no valid excuse, it is usually the reason why ample stores are not laid up for the winter use.

Although the United States furnishes only about 27 per cent of all the meat consumed in the British Isles which is imported, the per cent of people articles used as food is much greater. All live stock imported into that country must be slaughtered within a few days after arriving upon British soil. This is done, it is claimed, for sanitary reasons and also as a protection to the British grown stock.

A good many farmers living in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota are this year realizing a nice return on the fields which they have sown to flax. Representatives of a flax twine plant are paying as high as \$11 per ton for the unthrashed flax, which means for many farmers a return of from \$20 to \$26 per acre. The flax is pressed, snipped to the plant and thrashed, the seed being saved and the flax being made into binding twine.

The plan of the Canadian government of hiring an expert, at present a man from Oregon, to instruct growers and shippers how to correctly pack apples and the enforcement of a law compelling the honest packing and grading of apples, would seem to be one that might be followed by our own government with good effect. While a somewhat technically worded bulletin is of considerable help to those who can digest it, a practical demonstration by an expert in this line would be of far greater value.

While old country conditions may be such as to make it imperative that every inch of ground should be put to some practical and definite use in the line of raising stuff for the family consumption, land is plentiful enough in this country to admit of at least four square rods in front of the farm or town home being devoted to flower beds and lawn. That much space at least should be dedicated to a development in us of the aesthetic and love of the beautiful and should not be used as a hog lot, pumpkin or potato patch.

There came to our notice the other day the case of a farmer whose example might be followed with profit by many today. Starting with a small farm fifteen or eighteen years ago, he resolved not to sell a pound of grain therefrom. Instead year by year he converted the products of his land into butter, mutton, beef and pork. Today he has as much land as he cares to handle, has a good sized bank account, while his acres are known for miles around as the most fertile and productive in the locality. There is a suggestion here for the fellow who has heretofore been content with a land sowing, grain selling type of agriculture.

A higher compliment could hardly be paid to any matron than that she had the reputation of being thoughtful and considerate of her washerwoman.

The largest amount of dry food material in the corn is not obtained until the corn has fully matured, nearly one-third being lost if harvested before that time.

It does about as much good, except for appearance, to cut the weeds at this time of the year as it does to try to reform a boy's bad habits after he has had his own way for fifteen years.

It doesn't pay to buy bargain counter meat. They have that in the small shop in the big city, where people have to take what is given them unless they know what they want and insist upon getting it.

One of the many results of the late Russo-Japanese war has been the arousing of a keen interest on the part of the latter people in the matter of horse raising, which is to be carried on under the direct supervision of the government.

While returns from stock raising and dairy farming are spread over a longer period of time than those obtained where the grain itself is sold, they total much larger at the end of the year and do not represent a depleted soil fertility, which is true in the second case.

That hired man who is always breaking, misplacing or carelessly loaning farm tools and machinery had better give room for some one else. If he can't be relied upon to take care of the minor details in connection with his work he can hardly be trusted to properly care for the stock or harvest the crops.

We are old fashioned enough so that there is no sight which affords us more inspiration and pleasure than that observed when the well to do townsman or farmer files into kirk followed by his wife and family of five or six children. It is a good omen to all who believe that well ordered homes constitute the foundation of a patriotic, happy and abiding fatherland.

A level headed landlord of whom we know has made an arrangement with his tenant whereby each has invested one-half in the purchase of a first class manure spreader. It goes without saying that this plan could hardly be made to pan out with the one year skin renter. As it is, each party to the agreement feels that the investment is a safe one and that he will get substantial returns from the money laid out.

We heard a lady say the other day that she always scrubbed her spring chickens thoroughly—she used soap, water and brush—and rinsed them well before she considered them fit for the kettle or the frying pan. This certainly is reasonable, inasmuch as the barnyard fowls are only protected by a natural covering of feathers which is by no means impregnable when it comes to the dust, vermin and weather exposure to which they are subjected.

If there is an apple tree in your orchard whose fruit you would keep as long as possible, pick each apple carefully, wrap well in pieces of paper and place in a box or barrel in your cellar. Placed in bran, they will give equally good results. In either case the fruit will be so packed that it will be kept from the air, while if any of it decays it will not contaminate that which lies adjacent. It is of prime importance that the fruit so treated should not be marred or bruised in any way.

The raising of European pheasants bids fair to become as much of a fad as the raising of Belgian hares, a craze that swept over the country some years ago. However, the former would seem to be the more commendable occupation of the two, with distinct benefit rather than injury likely in case the business of raising the pheasants should be carried on extensively. Last year 25,000 pairs of these birds were imported into this country. At present there seems to be good money in the business, single pairs selling as high as \$24.

The carrying of water, both in getting and emptying, is one of the hardest things to contend with in the farm home where there are no waterworks or drainage systems. Much of the time is left for the women and children to do, which in many cases is unavoidable. A good well and a good cistern close at hand are a boon to the home. Appoint yourself as an investigating committee and see what can be done with yours. We know of a home up among the hills of Vermont where the water power and water supply come from a hillside stream. The water is soft and ever a delight to the user.

If alcohol proves to be the valuable fuel which it now promises it will greatly help to lighten the burdens of the farm as well as along other lines of business. When the time comes that the farm produces the raw materials—beets, potatoes, yams, etc.—of which the alcohol is made, in sufficient quantities and then by means of neighborhood co-operative distilleries the cost is reduced so as to make it possible and practicable as a labor saver, then the small engine will do the work so much needed—grind the feed, saw the wood, work the separator, churn the butter and do other things where power can be used to better advantage than the strength of man or beast.

Flavor of Antiquity.
In the little town of Minnsiedel, in Bavaria, there exists one of the most curious charitable foundations in the world. One of the burghers, Christopher Wanner, died in 1451 and left his fortune for the establishment of a home for aged poor. He attached, however, the condition that every old man who was taken in should wear his beard and the same cut of clothes and cap as he himself used to wear. Consequently, after the lapse of hundreds of years, the ancient pensioners are still to be seen, wandering about the streets of Minnsiedel in the costumes of the fifteenth century.

Starting a Ghost.
A famous Scotch dean used to tell a ghost story the clew to which is in the question, "Wool, minister, ghost, is this a general rising or are ye just taking a dauber free yer grave by yerality?"

No Finding Fault.
"So you never find fault with your wife's cooking?"

"I should say not," answered Mr. Meekton. "When my wife condescends to cook I say everything I can to encourage her."—Washington Star.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Sea Bath.

Sea baths cost nothing and are the most refreshing life giving baths that one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her woolens the benefit of the sun from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season or a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is equally necessary to their own health. The sun baths do not cost anything, and that is a misfortune, for people are still deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficial gifts to man (three things most necessary to good health), sunlight, fresh air and water, are free to all. You can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time, that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight and that you drink plenty of pure water.—Pittsburg Press.

The Voltaire of the East.

Omar Khayyam was a famous Persian poet and mathematician in the twelfth century, who was employed by the Sultan Malik Shah in revising the astronomical tables and in making a thorough reform of the calendar. He is better known to us as the writer of some 500 epigrams in verses of four lines which are unsurpassed in their pure diction, fine wit and crushing satire. These clever and fascinating quatrains were put into English by Edward Fitzgerald, who in 1859 published "The Rubaiyat of Omar," a rendering marked by exquisite melodiousness and by poetic insight and power. Omar has been called the Voltaire of the east because of his brilliant and pungent wit, while his depth of tenderness and profound thought and his denunciation of the fate which dooms to decay and death what is best and most beautiful in the world reveals much that reminds one of Byron, Swinburne and sometimes Schopenhauer.

Crystal Sky Columns.

An explanation of a curious optical phenomenon, sometimes witnessed on frosty nights, which is called the "pseudo aurora," is offered by a scientist. The phenomenon takes the form of beautiful columns of silvery light standing over electric lamps and other bright lights and sometimes appearing almost to reach the zenith. The scientist says that sometimes the evening star has a bright shaft below as well as above, while the rising moon stands in a broad column of light. These appearances are due to floating frost crystals which keep their reflecting faces horizontal. On examination he found that the crystals concerned in the exhibition were thin six sided plates of ice, never more than one millimeter in diameter. When the wind blows, these little plates are upset, and the columns of light caused by reflection from their surfaces disappear.

Greatest of All Cacti.

The greatest as well as the commonest of all cacti is the "sooty weed," which grows wherever cacti grow and which is man's only friend in the great southwestern deserts of the United States and in Mexico. It furnishes always a quantity of water when cut. As its name indicates, it can be manufactured into a soap, perhaps the least alkaline soap ever made, even though the weed itself may grow in the center of an alkali desert. Beer is brewed from it, the Indians make a hemplike fiber from it, and horses and men can eat parts of it if the spines are cut away; also when it shoots up its one great arm skyward it tops that arm with one of the most gorgeous flowers in the world.—Argonaut.

New England Arguments.

To argue is as necessary to a New Englander as to eat and to sleep. By nature he rejoices in the opposite side of every question, and he prefers broad, general questions of which he knows only what the daily paper tells him. If he is alone he will argue with himself, and often he will prove to himself that he is wrong and that the argument by which he proves it is faulty.—From "The Balance of Power," by Arthur Goodrich.

Information For the Young.

"Pa, what do they call babies where there's three of them at a time—I mean the same as twins?"

"Triplets."

"Oh, yes. I couldn't think what it was. And what is it when there's four of them?"

"A calamity. Now, put that pup out of the house and keep him out or I'll send for the dog catcher!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Splendid Gain.

Hobson—How did you enjoy your summer trip, Bagley? Bagley—Had a delightful time; gained 130 pounds. Hobson—One hundred and thirty pounds! I don't believe it! Bagley—Don't you? Well, here it comes down the street. Just wait a moment, and I'll introduce you.

Overhead in the Art Gallery.

They were making the usual round of exhibitions.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "do look at that beautiful Apollo Belvedere!"

"Sh!" she returned. "Don't say 'dear' so loud. Everybody'll know we're just married."—Judge.

No Finding Fault.

"So you never find fault with your wife's cooking?"

"I should say not," answered Mr. Meekton. "When my wife condescends to cook I say everything I can to encourage her."—Washington Star.

Starting a Ghost.

A famous Scotch dean used to tell a ghost story the clew to which is in the question, "Wool, minister, ghost, is this a general rising or are ye just taking a dauber free yer grave by yerality?"

Inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature.

Addison.

The Laborers of Servia.

Servia's laborers is at heart a simple, peaceful fellow. His attire is coarse almost to the point of vagabundness—rough brown trousers of homespun, a coat a shade or two darker and edged with a strip of black deer; a peaked woolen cap and a cane, and you have the picture. He is a farmer on a small scale, and his hobby is raising hogs, which he turns into the forests or fields to fatten on mast. The rural life in Servia is primitive. At sunup folks rise, take their raki, or schnapps, and go to the fields to work. Their meal is brought to them at noon and again in the evening, for they often work until sunset. And so life goes on and on. Across the bluffs that border the river a road runs parallel with the Danube, and here workmen are seen, dressed often in white suits with red girdles, striving to bring from the earth the grain that will not come. In Rumania and Bulgaria the grain lands are rich, but here the earth seems stubborn and unproductive. So the laborer ekes out his existence as he may—the least interesting of all the laborers of southern Europe.

The Swiss Fourth of July.

Aug. 1 is the Swiss Fourth of July, the national fete day. A traveler tells how he helped to celebrate it one year at one of the climbing centers in the Valais by eating the sumptuous dinner provided by the hotel without extra charge, applauding the fireworks display and a boudoir lighted high on the mountain side and shouting "Hooray!" at the end of a patriotic speech extolling the ancient military glories and present republican democracy of Switzerland. Next morning came the strange sequel. The orator of the occasion, the most distinguished native visitor in the place, was appealed to as one who would certainly know the name of the Swiss president, but even he could not remember it. Nobody ever can. The name of that unassuming functionary is always less familiar in Switzerland than that of the lieutenant governor in Illinois. He is merely the democracy's temporary official.

Jail Born Books.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the most famous and of its class incomparably the best English book ever written in prison. Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford jail from 1660 to 1672 and in addition to his immortal allegory wrote "Grace Abounding" and "The Holy City" during those twelve years. Raleigh, who was a prisoner in the tower, 1603-14, occupied seven years of big captivity in writing his "History of the World." "The King's Quair," a long and romantic love poem, was written by James I. of Scotland when in prison at Windsor castle in 1423. Spofford, during his three months' detention in the King's Bench prison for libel, wrote "The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Gravies," and during a similar experience at Newgate in 1703 Defoe wrote a "Collection of Casualties."

Naps and the Health.

Prolonged "forty winks" during the day are severely condemned by many doctors on the ground that they affect one's regular sleep. Scientists have found that in the ordinary course in the human being there is the greatest vitality between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. and the least between 2 o'clock and 6 o'clock in the morning. Long sleeps during the day interfere with this order of nature and sometimes affect various organs, causing headache. The nap of forty winks, but only forty, proves refreshing to many because it is too short to have any injurious consequences.—London Telegraph.

Milk In Turkey.

In Turkey there is a great consumption of the milk of the buffalo, the common cow, the goat and the ewe, but it is hardly ever used in a natural state. According to a paper read at the London Academy of Medicine, the milk is considerably reduced. After slow cooling the milk is treated with a ferment taken from the previous day's supply. In a few hours a curd forms, which is called yoghoun. The preparation is preferred to milk, and it has a pleasant, clean, acid taste and is of course nutritious.

Calumet.

"Calumet," supposed to be an Indian word meaning "pipe of peace," was wholly unknown among the savages. It is Norman and signifies in general a pipe. The pipe of peace was a "gnowdawee" among the Iroquois and a "peagun" among some other tribes. The Algonquins called it "poagan," the Winnebagos "tahneehoo" and the Dakotas "chahndonhoopa."

The Gulf Stream.

Western Europe's climate would be changed entirely were the isthmus of Panama and adjacent territory to be submerged, for in that case the equatorial current would be carried into the Pacific ocean, and the gulf stream, which does so much to warm Europe, would not emerge into the Atlantic.

Watch Jewels.

A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, would not steal the jewels in a watch, for they are valuable. They cost only 10 cents apiece. In antique watches the jewels were often costly. In modern watches they are never worth more than \$15 a gross.—Argonaut.

Balzac's Buttons.

Balzac wore a blue dress coat with metal buttons. A play on his, "Les Revenues de Quinola," was in rehearsal at the Odéon theater in Paris, and Balzac, ever hopeful, expected an immense success. In order to appear in gala costume on the opening night he ordered a blue dress coat lined with satin, the buttons of which were of solid eighteen carat gold. "Quinola" was a ghostly failure, and for some time after it left the bill Balzac was exceedingly hard up. Whenever ready money failed him—and ready money failed him often—he used to cut one of his buttons off and sell it to a jeweler, and to the day of his death the coat with the gold buttons and its successors were called by Balzac and his friends "Les Revenues de Quinola."

Time Table.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

Just Miss June

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Summer after summer the same elderly quiet people had come to Mrs. Austin's pretty country boarding house, and the same noisy, vehement children. Of course there had been some additions to the latter class, some defections from the former, but the character of the company had remained much the same. This year, however, came a new boarder of a distinctly different element. He was Paul Campbell, a playwright of some reputation.

Being the only eligible man on the place, Miss Austin had managed to lay hold of Mr. Campbell as her especial property. At first he did not mind. Were not her eyes sufficiently blue? Was there not always about her the odor of orris and heliotrope? But when he discovered that both mother and daughter were trying to work the matrimonial game upon him he balked.

One warm day they had been down to the lake boating, and now they had turned their faces homeward.

"If you find the path rough for fashionable beets or tear your gown with the brambles or scratch your face with the wild rosebushes, on your head be the consequence." Paul Campbell was warning Miss Austin, who had冒险ously chosen a path through the woods, while he had wisely indicated another.

"I don't care. It's too hot to breathe today, and I know this is the shorter way. It'll get us home more quickly than the other."

"Well, it must be single file," observed Campbell, with something like positive relief, remembering that the arrangement would do something to add to the difficulty of conversation.

"You'll have a good opportunity," threw back Miss Austin over her shoulder, "of determining whether my hair is all my own."

"It's glory," answered Campbell, quick always in saying the required thing, "must blind me to its defects, if there be any."

"So good of you to make the qualification!" retorted Miss Austin.

Here and there the briar roses bloomed in all their exquisite pinkness. Campbell absentmindedly broke off a spray. Absently, too, he pulled the leaves from the stalk. Then he chanced to look upon the pink bud.

With a whimsical, half tender gesture he thrust it into his buttonhole. Oh, he was a fool, beyond doubt, to fancy such a connection. But those unostentatious little petals, showing their delicate veins as they tapered upward and infolded so much wild sweetness, reminded him of Miss June.

June was Mrs. Austin's younger daughter. She had wide, dark eyes and teeth of pearl, but she was not beautiful, like her sister Jane. Their names, in fact, many of the boarders thought, ought to have been turned about, for June was just like her sister's name, while Jane was as flushed and jubilant as summer's first month.

"There's a pleasure as well as a credit in dressing her." June had once overheard her mother say when she'd slipped June into a thin white frock and brushed her glossy curls. That was twelve years ago. June was only six, but her fragile little hands had gone together in mute protest, and her eyes had grown larger with half understood pain.

June, whom her household and the summer boarders saw; June of the infrequent speech, the shy, fugitive smiles and proud, retentive air—that was not June of the woods whom Paul Campbell had grown to know. June of the woods had an elusive grace, shining eyes, laughter as silvery as the rippling streams, exquisite fancies, quick, dramatic gestures and without a delicate, childlike abandon of spirit.

"Well," asked Miss Austin as they came out from the woodland path on to the sunny road, "have you settled the affairs of the nation? I looked back at you once or twice, but you were in such a brown study you didn't notice me," she pouted.

"Miss Jane, how could that be possible?" mocked he courteously.

"Pshaw!" she said, twirling her sunshade indignantly. "I believe I'm nothing but a peg for you to hang compliments on."

"You are the magnet which attracts them," he corrected. Suddenly Miss Austin lifted her eyes.

"That wild rose bud in your coat is very pretty. Will you give it to me for a remembrance of the day?"

Campbell's fingers closed upon the bud to detach it; then he remembered.

"No, Miss Austin," he laughed, thrusting his hands into his pockets; "it would be inappropriate. When I go to the village tomorrow I'll get you some roses from the florist's."

One morning several days later they were in the woods together, June and he, under the silver column of a beech tree. She sat beside him, with her slim, brown hands folded in her lap and the wild rose buds withering in her dark hair. The pink of them had somehow stolen to her cheeks. She was happy today in spite of the fact that Campbell was chiding her.

"See here, young lady," he was saying half seriously, half playfully, "if you continue to evade me as you've been doing for the past few days I'm going to pack up my trunk and leave next week. What possible pleasure do you think I find in a lot of stale ladies who knit on the porches and children who squabble?"

"There's Jane," suggested the girl gaily, watching the dash of a bird through a rift in the foliage. "She likes to be with you, Mr. Campbell, I'm sure. And I'm sure—here the pearly teeth caught the scarlet underlip—"Jane's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beautiful like Jane, I'm just—"

"Just Miss June," finished Campbell simply. But there was a world of quiet pride in his voice.

World Please Dick.

Mrs. Humpock—if you marry Dick you need never expect me to come to see you. Daughter—just say that into the gramophone, won't you, please! Mrs. Humpock—what for? Daughter—Dick's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beautiful like Jane, I'm just—"

"There's Jane," suggested the girl gaily, watching the dash of a bird through a rift in the foliage. "She likes to be with you, Mr. Campbell, I'm sure. And I'm sure—here the pearly teeth caught the scarlet underlip—"Jane's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beautiful like Jane, I'm just—"

Literary Clubs.

Literary clubs are a very harmless form of hero worship. They make just the same excuse for literary people to meet together as whilst or bridge to a less bookish class.—Sphere.

"Just Miss June," finished Campbell simply. But there was a world of quiet pride in his voice.

June trembled beneath his words and knew not why she trembled. But there was sufficient dramatic force in her to go toward the making of a great actress. She spied a spray of scarlet columbine on a gray rock overhanging a dark pool. Unconsciously the contrast of colors struck her artistic eye, and she made use of it all to hide her sudden emotion.

"Will you fetch me those columbines that wave from the rock and throw colored patches on the pool, Mr. Campbell?" said she quietly.

But when he had gone her hand went to support the column of the beech, her bosom rose and fell and her wide eyes dilated, then half closed.

"Oh, dear God," she prayed inwardly, "I've never had any one in my whole life really to love me. And he is so big and so knightly. Don't let me imagine a vuln that would break my heart. Let me remember that I am plain—and that he is just kind."

"Here," cried Campbell cheerfully, coming back with a bunch of the columbine and handing it to her. "The scarlet just matches your lips, little maid." It was not alone her lips that were scarlet now; a flame spread hotly over her cheeks.

In a few moments she jumped up, laughing, smoothing out her blue glum-frock. "If ever I come to regard myself as a bewitching fairy princess I'll hold you responsible, sir. But I must be going now. I'm still Cinderella," she added. "I promised mother to make the salad dressing for luncheon."

And so the fragrant summer month drifted irresponsibly on.

One warm evening when the air was filled with the gold of fireflies, a maze of spangles, now darkening, now brightening, Mrs. Austin came out on her side porch, which for a wonder, was vacant, and swung her portly weight none too gently into the hammock. The silver of the moon was beginning to tremble through the leaves of the trees and to show patches of the garden path that wound toward the front gate.

"Those locusts sound awfully shrill," thought Mrs. Austin, trying ineffectually to put the hammock in motion. Then she lay there inert, yielding to the drowsiness of the air.

She must have dozed off a bit, for suddenly she started as is the way of one who tries to capture one's waking wits.

"And you know, dear, that I love you. I guess I've been loving you right from the first, but I didn't realize it till—"

Two figures had just passed the moonlit patch in the path and were emerging into the shadows that stretched toward the gate, so Mrs. Austin couldn't exactly see who they were, but she recognised Campbell's rich, deep voice.

"At last!" she cried, smiling broadly. "Well, Jane deserved it—and she'll have a good husband." She raised herself up in the hammock. Sleep had fled.

Now, just at that moment Sarah, the cook, who had been buying some ribbon and ruching in one of the village shops, happened to enter the front gate. As she came abreast of the wide porch Mrs. Austin leaned over the railing.

"Sarah," she whispered, with maternal pride in her voice, "was that Miss June who went out of the gate then with Mr. Campbell?" It was a statement rather than a question.

"No'm," said Sarah, looking up quickly; "that wasn't Miss Jane, ma'am; it was just Miss June."

Catalogue of Misnomers.

"A silver shoehorn is a misnomer," said a philologist. "So is a wooden milestone. So is a steel pen."

"A shoehorn is a piece of horn, according to its name. How can it be made of silver, then? In like manner a milestone can't be made of wood—though they have them, the same as nutmegs in Connecticut—nor can a pen, which strictly means a feather, be made of steel."

"Steel stew is a dish unknown in Ireland. Jerusalem artichokes were never heard of in Jerusalem. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but from the red prussiate of potash."

"Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is zinc coated. Zinc is not the gut of cats, but of sheep. Kid gloves do not come from kid skins, but from lamb skins."

"Sealing wax has no wax in it, nor is it a byproduct of the seal. Wormwood bears no relation either to wood or worms. Rice paper is never made from rice. Salt is not a salt."

"Copper coins are bronze, not copper. India ink is unknown in India. Turkey comes from our own country, from Turkey never."

A Lazy Poet.

Laziness does not always confer the long life claimed for it by Dr. Herbert Snow. Of proverbial laziness was Thomson, the poet, drowsing away the greater part of his life in his garden at Richmond, listening to nightingales, writing the interminable poems that everybody now admires and nobody reads. There he could often be seen standing eating the peaches on the trees, "with his hands in his pockets." Such an instance of indolence would be hard to beat and should, one would think, have added at least ten years to his life. But Thomson died at forty-eight.—London Chronicle.

Necessarily.

Dinglebats—The occultist charged you \$5 for taking a grain of sand out of your eye? That's pretty steep, isn't it? Hinsley—I thought so till I looked at it? It was for "removing over his eye".

"I'm afraid—I've forgotten," he stammered.

Never before in his life had he been so thoroughly afraid of a woman, and his knees nearly shook as with the air of an empress. Viva swept past him to the oven. She banged open the door and slammed down on the table a tray of blackened pastry, while Hall heard.

Her recipes were the simplest, and were evidently selected to meet the needs of a rural population. Baked haddock and cottage pie did not prove inspiring, so once again Hall watched the wavy black hair, and marred the play of the mobile features in dreamy content.

"Are those tarts ready?"

Viva's high-pitched voice suddenly broke his reverie. Hall gave a guilty start of horror.

"I'm afraid—I've forgotten," he stammered.

Never before in his life had he been so thoroughly afraid of a woman, and his knees nearly shook as with the air of an empress. Viva swept past him to the oven. She banged open the door and slammed down on the table a tray of blackened pastry, while Hall heard.

Our Tougher Daddies.

Our forefathers ate what they wanted, drank water from springs and brooks with never a thought of microbe, and they lived to a green old age. We strain and filter and boil and extract and test and worry and stew, and most of us die untimely from digestive trouble if we escape an operation for appendicitis. Let's have a little common sense, a little less popular science and a whole lot better health.—Astoria Herald.

"This is awfully sticky weather."

"Do you find it so?"

"Yes, Billings stuck me for another five this morning."

CASTORIA.

Scars the King You Have Always Begot
Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Tee Many Cooks.

The "beauty cook" stood in the hall at the back of the school building, and shaded her eyes from the sun, which was setting in a bank of purple clouds. In her trim black gown, with the starched apron and dainty white sleeves, she looked as fresh as though the South Kensington College of Cookery had but that instant turned her out, armed with the diploma that had secured her appointment under the County Council. At the present moment, she also possessed a very impatient frown, the cause of which lay in a note she held in her hand.

Viva Kerr read the ill-spelled letter once more and sighed. It was her custom to hold a weekly demonstration and lecture at the remote town of Hillstone, and on those occasions Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a local game-keeper, acted as her assistant. At the moment when she had completed all her preparations for the class, a shock-headed boy had appeared with the disturbing letter:

"Dear Madam," it ran. "I'm sorry to say as I'm ill with the sore throat, so I cannot oblige you to-night, and being so late I can't find you no one else but my cousin, him being up at the squire's and in the house, so will be handy and useful, and I've sent him word this minute, so he will be sure to oblige you. Yours obediently,

Sarah Thompson."

The village clock struck eight, and still Viva waited for her assistant. Apparently, the obliging youth omitted punctuality from his stock of virtues. As the last stroke died away, and the girl turned to go inside the schoolhouse, a man rode furiously down the lane on a bicycle. The machine was old and battered, and, like the clothes of the ride, had seen better days. Viva saw a dark, youthful face, and noted that the suds on his old cap and the white neckcloth, twisted round his throat in place of collar, gave the man more the appearance of a grouch than that of an indoor servant.

The assistant had possessed him self of her place. With lightning rapidity he seized a bowl and spoon and began a series of rapid movements. Eggs seemed to crack as though by magic; flour whirled round in a white cyclone, and sprays of water splashed through the air. The deaf fingers seemed everywhere—patting, kneading, cutting, molding with unerring skill, while the class gasped in astonishment. They had the feeling of watching a performance which should have progressed to slow music and applause. When the last tartlet was popped into the oven, the transformed assistant turned to his audience with a smile.

"As I am about fifteen years out of practice I hope you will wait about ten minutes to see if I have vindicated myself."

He need not have troubled. The class had no intention of disbanding until it had seen those tartlets emerge from the oven. And when after a short time they appeared from that fiery trial to be subjected to the hotter ordeal of the scrutiny of fifty pairs of eyes, a storm of enthusiastic exclamation arose.

Such a triumph of cookery had never been witnessed in Hillstone before.

And the county cook knew it, too.

The "beauty cook" was the most popular in the Western States.

The value of lands for live-stock purposes in Texas has come in five years from \$7.05 to \$9.09. Even now they are the lowest of the Southern States.

In the Eastern States, where live stock is raised extensively, the range of lands used for such purposes is \$6.45 in Montana to \$14.51 in Idaho, compared with \$4.43 to \$9.19 five years ago.

The value of dairy lands in the Western States ranges from \$18.88 to \$78.89 for North Dakota to \$61.89 in Illinois, the latter being the highest in the country and showing an increase of 87.2 per cent. over 1900. Hay and grain lands in Illinois are valued at \$78.89 per acre, compared with \$57.24 in 1900. In Iowa the value is \$69.09, an increase of 23.4 per cent.

The greatest increase in five years have been: North Dakota 70.8 per cent., South Dakota 65.2, Oklahoma 76.7, Florida 57.4 and Mississippi 58.9. The value of the hay and grain lands in the twelve leading States ranges from \$18.82 for North Dakota to \$78.89 for Illinois. In Iowa the value is \$66.10, in Kansas \$72.53, an increase of nearly 10 per cent. in five years. Iowa has advanced \$16.50 in five years. Nebraska lands are valued at \$36.50, compared with \$23.32. South Dakota's valuation is \$24, a gain of \$10 more than five years ago. In Indiana it is \$67.07, an increase of \$14. Oklahoma grain and hay lands are worth \$20.58, and in Texas \$16.54.

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In the Eastern

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. Answering questions may give the date of the inquiry, the names of the persons, and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Room,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1896.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST
HIS
DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH
NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Children of Sarah West and Jacob Fleming, who would have Catherine, their aunt, share if she should die, were James Fleming b. 1760; Joseph Fleming; Stephen Fleming; Jacob Fleming; Sarah Fleming and John Fleming. Their mother died before 1788.

John West of this will, brother of Sarah (West) Fleming, b. March 1752; d. 1829; md. Meribeth (Slocum, dau. John), she d. 1855, both buried in grounds of Christ Church, Shrewsbury, N. J.

The grandmother of these children, Ann Lippincott, b. 4; 1789; md. (1) 5; 2; 1701; Joseph Wing, and md. (2) Stephen Colvin b. Sept. 24, 1688, whose sister, Amey Colvin married Peter Roberts, as has been given in this record, had the following brothers and sisters.

1. John Lippincott who married 7; 1692 Sarah Huett, whose mother, Faith Huett died 30; 11; 1710, whose husband was Thomas Huett, for whom Sarah named her first child. He was a sea captain and a whaler, for in inventory of his wife's estate a whale craft at three pounds is mentioned, also mentioned in his inventory of Jan. 16, 1710; children of John and Sarah (Huett) Lippincott were, as found on Friends records of Shrewsbury;

Thomas Lippincott, b. 16; 3; 1698; md. 7; 8 mo.; 1714 Elizabeth White, dau. Thomas.

Jacob Lippincott, b. 7; 5 mo.; 1695; m. 17; 8 mo.; 1717, Mary White, dau. Thomas.

John Lippincott, b. 8; 7; 1697; d. y.

John Lippincott, b. 18; 12; 1699.

Margaret Lippincott, b. 22; 10; 1702.

Mary Lippincott, b. 8; 1mo.; 1704.

Faith Lippincott, b. 28; 7mo.; 1707.

Deborah Lippincott, b. 17; 1mo.; 1711.

Ann Lippincott, b. 5; 1mo.; 1719;

md. 15; 1mo.; 1733 Levy White in Meeting House at Shrewsbury. Those who signed their marriage certificate after themselves were; John, Thomas and Jacob Lippincott; Thomas White. On left hand column: Rachel Hance, James and Leah Tucker, Jane White, Elizabeth Parker, John Cortes.

2. Robert Lippincott who died in Shrewsbury 9; 15; 1684.

3. Preserve Lippincott who married before 1696. Elizabeth (Williams), daughter of John (1) Williams, who made his will 2; 6mo.; 1717, as found in N. J. Archives, Vol. 28, p. 510, taken from Liber A. p. 160, at Trenton N. J., his inventory taken by Philip Edwards and Steven Colvin, March 21, 1719, sworn to by Daniel Williams, eldest son of John (1) Williams.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES

6177. BROWN—Hon. George Brown died January 16th, 1886, in his 80th year; his wife Hannah Robinson died July 9th, 1822, in her 72nd year. Their son, Col. George Brown, died Sept. 20th, 1884, at 78. His wife, Mary, daughter of Rowland and Mary Brown died February 26th, 1842, in her 57th year. John R., son of Rowland and Mary Brown, died January 18th, 1883, at 66, all interred at River Bend Cemetery, Westerly, R. I.

Tower Hill in South Kingstown, R. I., seems to have been the place of residence of the Rowland Browns.

Hannah Robinson, named above, was the daughter of William, and granddaughter of Gov. William Robinson. [Rowland Robinson and Descendants by Thos. R. Hazard, pp. 151-2.]

Lieut. Gov. George Brown and Hannah his wife had three sons, William, Col. George already named and John.

The mother of Hannah Robinson was named Hannah Brown.

Can anyone give dates for the sons of Dept. Gov. George Brown? or deceased in the Brown line.—E. U. S.

6178. DEXTER—I. John Stiger Dexter, of John, Cumberland, and Mary Pearce, of Major Preserved, married Nov. 2, 1775, East Greenwich Vital Records. Children (on Cumberland records);

1. John Pearce² Dexter, No issue.

2. Daniel Stiger² Dexter, b. Nov. 12, 1779. Issue.

3. Alexander Scammell² Dexter, b. Mar. 9, 1785. No issue.

4. Eliza² Dexter, b. Mar. 5, 1787, md. George C. Nightingale Sept. 27, 1807. (Prov. Gazette). Issue.

5. Mary Anne² Dexter, b. Cumberland July 25, 1790; md. Dr. John M. Eddy, Nov. 20, 1814. Issue.

(Will of John Stiger Dexter, dated Jan. 19, 1842, probated Aug. 5, 1844, mentioned son John Pearce Dexter; daughter Eliza Nightingale; grandson Frederick A. Eddy; granddaughter Mary Dexter Nightingale; grandson George Edward Nightingale, land in Ohio; granddaughter Ellen Evans Dexter, in right of her deceased father, my son.)

Daniel Stiger² Dexter, b. Nov. 12, 1779, died at Erie, Penn., Oct. 31, 1818, (Prov. Gazette), md. Hannah Heron of Pittsburgh, 1793. Had daughter Ellen Evans Dexter, b. 1816, who married John Blurchard of Erie. Have not been able to locate this family. She may have had children. If so, would like list.

Eliza Dexter² and George C. Nightingale, Sept. 27, 1807. Had Mary Dexter Nightingale, md. Wm. Snow of Providence as second wife. No issue. Were there other children? This family seems to have gone to the West.—F. J. M.

6179. SPINK—Wanted the descendants, if any of Leah Spink, daughter of Stubbin Spink, Deborah (?) either Waits, Perry or Hazard). Leah was born Oct. 31, 1749, and was a Quaker Friendswoman. She was born in East

Up to Your Eyes

In house cleaning? Of course, and this big store brims full of just the things you're thinking of now. What wouldn't you give if you could only afford to replace the old parlor suit with a new one? Why, it would make the whole house look different. Well, just spunk up courage enough to come down here and see if you can't afford it. There's 6,000 square feet of parlor furniture here. Beautiful? That doesn't half express it, and so little priced you'll send the old worn out pieces to the woodshed in a jiffy. Just picture to your mind this little ruff.

Three Pieces

Sofa, Arm Chair and Side Chair, all large substantial pieces, as gracefully outlined as it can be and with all the style of the most experienced sort; quality's there, too; upholstered in beautiful tapestries; you wouldn't say a cent less than \$35—

\$23.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Chance to Locate Your Business on Thames Street.

Valuable Property. One of the best locations on the street.

Can be purchased or rented.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

**Prepare for Winter Storms**

A residence telephone saves wet feet, consequent colds and a Doctor's bill.

LOCAL RESIDENCE RATES ARE LOW.**PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY.**

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

142 SPRING STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Greenwich, R. I. had sister Mary, Elizabeth, both older than herself, two sisters younger, Sarah and Deborah, and two brothers younger, Shibnah Jr. and Ishmael. Would also like very much to know the surname of her mother Deborah (?) and who Leah's sisters married.—K. L. M.

FALL RIVER LINE FARES REDUCED.**\$2.00 to New York.****For First Class Limited Tickets.**Reduced Rates to all
Points West and South

Steamers Priscilla and Puritan

In co-operation.

A FINE ORCHESTRA ON EACH.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Weekdays and Sundays, at 1 p. m., morning train to New York Saturday leave Pier 1, North Haven, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 5:00 p. m., due at Newport at 2:45 a. m., leaving there at 3:45 a. m., for Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York Boston Dispatch Express office, 273 Broadway, or at 1, Grand Central Agent, O. H. TAYLOR, General Agent, New York, H. O. NICKERSON, Sup't., New York, C. G. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

The New England Navigation Co.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEWPORT, October 29th, 1896.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the County of Newport, Administrator of the estate of HARRIET A. PIKE, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement herein.

10-27 JOSEPH B. PIKE.

Probate Clerk's Office, New Shoreham, October 28, 1896.

Estate of Francis Willis.

ALTON H. MOTT, Administrator de bonis non, of the estate of Francis Willis, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, has this day filed in this office his second account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and hath applied to me to give due notice thereof.

In his will given to all persons interested him to file account with him and to demand payment at the Court of Probate of New Shoreham, at the Town Hall in said town, on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time and place they may appear, if they see fit, and be heard in relation to the same.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

10-20-3w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, Sc.

Office of the Surrogate Court.

NEWPORT, October 20th, A. D. 1896.

WHEREAS, Anna L. Dallen of the City of Newport, in the County and State aforesaid, has filed her petition in said office praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between Anna L. Dallen and George C. Nightingale, deceased, and Anna L. Dallen unknown; notice is therefore given to the said George C. Nightingale to appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court, to be held at the Court House in said Newport, within and for the said County of Newport on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1896, then and there to respond to said petition.

CHARLES E. HARVEY, Clerk.

10-20-3w

CITY OF NEWPORT.**Poll Tax Notice.**

ALL VOTERS who have not been assessed a tax on either real or personal estate to be taxed in 1897 shall pay a poll tax of \$1, and are hereby notified to call at the office for said tax and to pay the same during the month of October.

The office is open daily from 10:30 a. m. to

1:00 p. m., and on Saturday evening

in October from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Chapter 60, section 1 of 1893 and Chapter

47 Section 6 of 1896, provide as follows:

If any person against whom a tax is assessed in excess of the amount of taxes paid on his property, he shall refuse or neglect to pay the same for 30 days after the same is due the collector of taxes shall demand the same of such person with 25 cents for the cost of such demand, and if any such person upon whom demand is made aforesaid collector neglect or refuses to pay such tax, together with the amount of making such demand, then the collector of taxes shall not demand the same again for 12 months from the date of such demand, unless the collector of taxes shall have been remiss in performing his duty.

It is ordered that the collector of taxes

levy upon the body of said person and commit him to jail in the county of Providence, there to remain until he shall pay such tax and all legal costs, including cost of making the demand as aforesaid, or be discharged therefrom in the course of law.

The Supreme Court of the State has recently rendered an opinion sustaining this law in every particular.

H. W. COZZENS, Collector of Taxes.

Room 10, City Hall.

Newport, R. I., September 28th, 1896—B. M.

At the request of the Park Commission, Hon. Amasa M. Eaton, of the Metropolitan Park Commission, will speak on the proposed Park System, illustrated by stereopticon.

All are invited.

11-8-1w



REPUBLICAN



REPUBLICAN



REPUBLICAN

All Voters Are Invited To Participate in the Election of the Republican Candidates On November Sixth

Mark a Cross in the Circle Under the Eagle as Above Indicated, and thus ensure the election of Officials who will give you honest and conscientious service. Stand by your tried and faithful State Officers:

**For Governor,
GEORGE H. UTTER.****For Lieutenant Governor,
FREDERICK H. JACKSON.****For Secretary of State,
CHARLES P. BENNETT.****For Attorney General,
WILLIAM B. GREENOUGH.****For General Treasurer,
WALTER A. READ.****Vote For a Republican for Congress,
District 1—ELISHA DYER,
District 2—ADIN B. CAPRON.****Vote For a Republican Assembly Ticket and for All Republican Nominees, National, State and Municipal. Republican Assembly Ticket.****For Senator,****JOHN P. SANBORN.****For First Representative,**